

Good Morning 752

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Animals are news for Sto. Harry Taylor

TINKY is a long-suffering cat, Sto. (1st Class) Harry Taylor, but after seeing his pained expression, your wife is not going to pull his tail again. She did it at your request once, and that is enough.

Now she is going to leave all the livestock at "Stoneleigh"—which the postman knows better as 53, St. Andrews-road, West Worthing—alone until you return to tease them. All the animals are alive and the ducks and chickens continue to provide a big pile of eggs each day.

Your dog at Portslade is also in good health, and when we called there later to get some news for your brother-in-law, Reg, we took a picture of Tony. Your father made him hold a biscuit on his nose and perform that trick you probably remember.

He is just as adept as ever and enjoyed himself thoroughly doing his act for the picture.

Your father's message to you consisted of a remark about the shoe-repairing duties awaiting you, but he and Mum joined all the folk at No. 38 and those friendly neighbours, in wishing you all the best and a safe return.

That wish is repeated by your wife, back at Worthing, who adds all her love to it for you.

She was preparing for a visit to her aunt at Reading and told us about that maxim of yours concerning your next leave: "First stop Reading," and all that! Mrs. Taylor Jnr. is eagerly anticipating that first stop, and also looks forward to a holiday in Scotland with you some time.

She is saving that blue crepe frock you admire so much and is finding out how to store crepe so that it shall be as lovely as ever when you

come home. She did wear it, however, to have the picture taken, but was careful to keep it out of the way of the ducks, who were clustering round for the extra feed she was providing.

In addition to this picture, there are some snaps on the way out to you, and your wife is getting some more developed which she will despatch as soon as possible.

Cousin Jack has only just got his motor-cycle out again, so there will not be a picture of it among the snaps, but you may rest assured that it is ready for you, and Jack is looking forward to having a ride with you again.

Mrs. Taylor considers this a hair-raising way of getting amusement and prefers to have a quieter trip in her Dad's car which is on the road again now that the "basic" has returned.

By the way, your wife's parents always ask about you and send best wishes for a successful trip. They join also in offering congratulations for your birthday and the first anniversary which precedes it.

Your wife is spending that special day in the company of Peggy, her A.T.S. girl friend, but she sincerely hopes that next year she will be spending it with you.

In the meantime, she wishes you luck in your search for the best beer, but still thinks you will find it difficult to better that served in the good old "King's Arms." And, incidentally, if you get tired of beer she will have a nice plate of CURRY ready for you, Harry!

When you have got over that, your wife asks you to remember her to all the lads on your boat and wishes you and them the very best of luck, always.

What NOT to do with Your Gratuity

Being JACK GREENALL'S unreliable Guide to Civvy Street

Greenall went nearly crackers about you boys finding jobs on being demobbed. They put him to bed—and this is what he wrote in his sleep and how he wrote it.

BEING AN ACCOUNTANT.

AFTER a struggle, my mental make-up is worsted; it seems to me this job was created solely to enable wealthy wallahs to wangle taxes. Talk about one-sided! Whatever the accountant wangles for the wealthy wallah, the wealthy wallah hands back to the accountant for his trouble! So the wealthy wallah is back where he started, with the worry of the accountant thrown in!

To become an accountant of any standing one must either become chartered or incorporated, and it's too late now to start anything! To pick out at a glance one from the other would land you and me in Ward 8!

I can tell you this much, however; if chartered, he's an F.C.A., if incorporated, an F.S.A.A.; they're just a damn bore to the kid who polishes the brass plate.

Three hundred pounds will get you started (£300 would get me delicious just now), with generally no salary to start with! Strikes me they see you coming!

Then, after nine years of blood, toil, tears and sweat, if one has managed to cope with the principles, a screw of £600 to a thousand a year can be commanded; well, so I'm informed. 'Course, I don't believe everything I hear; I wasn't born yesterday.

The main idea now is to commence operations on one's own with a view to getting one's own back!

It's surprising the number of starters there are with three hundred of the ready going begging, cluttering up the place. By the way, this job's all figure work, so if adding up your ones and twos gives you a throbbing lemon, forget it!

BEING AN ARCHITECT.

AN architect is a bloke who plans buildings nobody gives a damn about, and supervises their erection—that is, if he can find anything handy lying around these days to erect 'em with!

His one great joy in life is to become an A.R.I.B.A., and he'll work harder than a beaver to get it!

He gets the rough edge, does an architect; somehow his ideas of how a building should look and his client's don't mix. He has to keep altering this bit and that bit, taking a piece off here, chipping a lump or two off there, till at the end he finds it's not his building at all, and lacks the nerve to ask the money for it!

You and I would go ga-ga! The Royal Institute gives a gold medal every year to the leading architect; if ever a man deserved a gold medal the leading architect does. He deserves to be dripping with gold medals!

He generally looks like a man who had a trying time and the ordeal has not yet ended.

There are about 4,000 architects in Great Britain. After what I've just told you, care to be the four thousand and oneth?

BEING AN AUCTIONEER.

DID you know anyone can muscle-in on this job? They can! I've looked it up.

All you need is a licence, cost price ten smackers a year, and you can go right ahead. The floor's your own.

The tools to finish the job are a mere bagatelle—a hammer, a stentorian voice, a rostrum, and something to knock down.

Fancy! And up to now you and I have been working for a living! I know I have; I'm taking you for granted. I'm like that, and up to now it's cost me plenty!

The correct procedure now is as follows: Mounting the ros-

trum (a kind of school desk that has overgrown its strength), hammer in hand, you hold up something, anything, generally an object no one with all their chairs at home would be seen dead with, and ask, "Now, gentlemen, name your bid!"

Remember the "gentleman"; it flatters 'em, the dopes. If some cleverstick replies "The three of spades!" don't forget you hold the hammer!

Ask again. This time you should command respect! Keep on asking, worry your audience stiff, shoving the price up as you go along, ignore your conscience, refuse to wrestle with it till the ceiling is reached, then, before the highest bidder realises what he's got coming to him, knock the object down.

You'll generally find the highest bidder is one who has either dined too well or failed to pass the fifth standard!

What happens when the poor boob gets his prize home now lies heavy on your soul: a fat lot you care for doing him the dirt.

Auctioneers ask a commission for working this racket; having a hammer handy, I'll bet they never experience any trouble in getting it!

BEING A BANKER.

BANKING means receiving and lending the "ready."

In a nutshell, a banker borrows cheap and lends dear; no flies on these coves, eh? Seems you and I have been missing the bus!

There are two ways to get into a bank, the first via the window or through the wall, then en route for Dartmoor or the Scrubs; the second via the front door and the ball and chain.

One starts in a bank as a vassal, a mere menial, known as a clerk, and is hidden away from the rest of the world by a wooden screen till his hair falls out and curvature of the spine sets in!

Then, when in his dotage, he

is given the limelight, placed in the front seats, as it were, and protected from the bank's clients by bars.

He is also given a pair of scales to play with and lots of the "ready"; in short, he becomes a cashier and is now called Mister, instead of Alf or Sam, or Hi, you!

True, they lock up all the ready at going-home time every day, but then, one can't have everything! It's a nice life provided one's palms don't begin to itch and they catch him going off with a bit of home-work!

The scrapings of the barrel are dishied out every Friday—not a lot, but what does one want in one's dotage?

Banks run Provident Funds in case of a breakdown or something. They also have their own sports grounds. I'll bet the egg-and-spoon race is a riot!

BEING A BOOKMAKER.

NAME given to a man through whom betting is done—well, one of the names, anyway!

Bookmakers are found on racecourses; well, it depends

USELESS EUSTACE



"I just hadn't the heart to kill that one!"

whether the favourite's running after all or not!

If a bookmaker rents an office he gets uppish, puts on side, as it were, and calls himself a turf accountant.

On the racecourse he can't be missed. He stands on a box, shouting the odds and sweating like a coolie (the things men do for money!), handing out little cards with his photo on them.

If the favourite comes in at a hundred to one and the mob catch him up, the photo's a wasted effort; he doesn't look the same man somehow!

If you're quick off the mark and no loved one to mourn you, this job might be your cup of tea. Oh! I forgot to mention, a bookmaker carries a black bag. Now, now, don't get me wrong!

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Unpaid M.C.C. is World Boss of Cricket Laws

THE annual subscription to the Marylebone Cricket Club is a modest £3, with an entrance fee of £5. But it is one of the most exclusive clubs in the world, with a waiting list that was announced not long ago as containing over 16,000 names!

The right to wear the red and yellow tie of the club is jealously guarded. King Alfonso of Spain, visiting England, wore the tie without realising that it was the prerogative of club members. On learning his error, he said, "I must join the club!"

But he found it was not so easy, even for a king, and was still on the waiting list when he died!

The M.C.C. is ruler on all matters relating to the laws of cricket, but, as far as the many thousands of amateurs and schoolboys who are the backbone of the game are concerned, it rules by prestige rather than organisation.

Its laws of cricket are accepted without question, and the rulings of the Committee of the M.C.C. accepted by players and clubs over whom the M.C.C. have no direct control.

County Cricket is controlled through the County Cricket Committee and there are other committees, such as the selec-

tion committee for representative matches and the Select Committee which reported last year on post-war cricket.

Very little of the legislation of the game is done directly by the full club, and, as with other ruling bodies, it is the devoted and unpaid services of a small number of men like Sir P. Warner and Sir Stanley Jackson which has kept cricket clean and free of abuses.

The M.C.C. is recognised all over the world as the leading authority on cricket, and although, for instance, Australia may introduce new rules without agreement, in practice all other countries where cricket is played work very closely with the M.C.C. The story of the M.C.C. in its early days at any rate, is the story of Thomas Lord and Lord's cricket ground. Thomas Lord was a native of Thirsk in Yorkshire—not then a great cricket county.

Cricket had been played for many years when Lord, a ground bowler at the White Conduit Club, persuaded two noble patrons of cricket to back him in providing a first class cricket ground in Marylebone.

This ground was at Dorset Square, and there the Marylebone Cricket Club was formed in 1788.

In 1809, when the landlord attempted to put up the rent, Lord moved to St. John's Wood, and again in 1814 he moved to the present site when the Regent Canal threatened to cut across his second ground.

The present Lord's ground, which is the headquarters of the M.C.C. and of cricket, is about twenty acres, which include Lord's original ground and some of the turf he brought with him from his second ground.

Most of the early matches were played for stakes with considerable betting. Lord died in 1832, and shortly afterwards the M.C.C. began the "missionary" work which made it a household word wherever cricket was played and incidentally resulted in cricket being played in many places in the north which had never seen the game.

The M.C.C. sent teams to all parts of the country, and in 1863-4 to Australia.

The authority arranges all matches with the Dominion and Colonial teams, and since in 1878 an M.C.C. team was put out for 33 and 19 in a single day at Lord's by Spofforth and Boyle, it has never made the mistake of underestimating visitors from overseas.

R. L. STEPHENS.

END OF THE MARBLE TORPEDO

HAD Hiram Mason been armed. His large dorsal fin stuck up like a small lateen sail, an ugly black triangle against the sky; and just stopped its mad rush for the ocean; in front of the big tail which worked but having no harpoon, all that was like a propeller was the crescent-shaped, maroon patch which told the boat, praying that the creature that this was an orca ailer to which would break the line. They were harnessed—a real sea not sounding—yet.

Gloria, too, knew the danger of tiger, fierce and relentless. Unable to stay this living torpedo twenty feet in length, they seemed as if the whole sea had been rushed out towards the open. It To haul on the line was impossible. She saw his lips working, and The launch took everything as it knew that he was bawling encouragement, charging straight at the agent to her, but his words were swells, burying her nose in them swept past her head on the whistle and throwing back avalanches of water which threatened to swamp the boat.

Ahead of the boat they could see the jet-black, polished, marble-like surface of the killer's back, smooth and glittering as he charged through the billows.

Both father and daughter were soaked through; the spray blinded them and stung their faces and hands with the force of hail shot.



"Did Bull enjoy the party, too?"
"He had an absolute Man of a time!"

Helpless, utterly helpless, they the bay, a white streak, shooting marble torpedo shooting ahead. She raised one hand and pointed. There was a glitter in her eyes. Her father followed the direction of her pointing finger, and into his eyes there came a gleam of hope. The white streak was curving in

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Concluding our 3-day story "THE SEA TIGER"

He was merely playing with the towards them, leaving behind it a boat, trying to find out if he could whiter, broken trail of tossing drag it under and smash it at his foam. The white moving thing was a launch heading towards them in a wide-sweeping curve. It was a race against time. Mason knew that his little boat could not hope to remain on top much longer. His eyes followed the white launch as it plunged along at terrific speed, seeming to bound from billow to billow. At the helm sat the figure of a man clad in white, his arm crooked over the tiller, and the sun flashed on something which he held erect in his hand. It was a huge spear, a harpoon used for fighting shark. Not until the great white launch seemed nearer did they recognise who this man was who was forcing his boat to its utmost capacity. He did not look at them. He seemed to be oblivious to their presence. His boat curved inward swiftly. It was two hundred yards from them, then almost in a moment, it was half that distance. Gloria cried out a name in her instant joy. Her father, too, shouted. But was far behind, and as she did so the man in the launch did not she saw, coming across the top of answer. His eyes were on the

He rose from his seat, raised his harpoon above his head, and steadied himself. For an instant he stood there, rigid as a statue.

Then suddenly—whang! Down came the grains, burying their pronged fork into the back of the orca just behind the saddle. Into the air the vicious tail of the killer flailed, just missing the white launch which now ran beside him. But the man in the launch, who had crouched the instant he flung the harpoon, was on his feet again, another weapon in his hand.

Once more he threw, his body bending forward like a bowler's to get the utmost ounce of weight into the throw. This time, as he threw, he leaped back to the stern and threw his weight on the rear of his craft, switching his engines to the reverse as he lay on the floorboards. Up from the surface of the sea rose the mighty killer, writhing in pain. He rose a dozen feet in that leap. His tail whirled and his fins flapped, but the two harpoons were

sticking in his hide, sunk deep into his body.

The voice of the man in the white launch came to Hiram Mason and his daughter in a hoarse shout:

"Overboard! Jump!" Mechanically they obeyed, diving together into the water. The backwash of the fall of the orca sent a wave which upset their craft as he sounded to the full extent of his ability.

Gloria Mason came up to the surface after what seemed to her an eternity. She struck out blindly, shaking the water from her eyes and hair. The sea was in a tumult.

Gradually the tossing waters died down. She felt a hand touch her, and then an arm went round her shoulders.

"You're all right now? That got him, I think!"

She looked into the eyes of Danny Stark, and saw that he was smiling into her face.

"Where is Dad?" she murmured.

"He's over there on the keel of your boat, and the orca is up now, dead as mutton. There he is, floating beside my launch."

She looked across the swelling (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Golf, Tennis, Boxing, Chess, Cricket, Billiards.

Answers to Quiz in No. 751

1. Joshua, Judges, Job, Jeremiah, Joel, Jonah.
2. Richard III.
3. Inventor of scientific boxing, and British Champion from 1795 till 1800.
4. Aristotle.
5. Captains Stephen and Anderson, U.S.A., 1935.
6. Al fresco is not a musical term; others are.

Big Money in Fish

IF you want to earn more money for a week's work than Mr. Attlee gets for being Prime Minister of Great Britain, if you feel like 7s. 6d. worth of meat per week instead of the civilian ration of 1s. (including two penn'orth of corned beef), and if you fancy a life on the ocean wave . . . become the skipper of a trawler.

There's big money in the trawler game today, my lads, and this is Barney Bedford giving you the lowdown on it. I can speak with some authority on the subject because I have just spent a fortnight investigating the fishing industry, and I have found it mighty interesting. Here's how.

The lull caused by the fact that we've just finished off a big war has meant a lot to the fishing industry, and a darned sight more to the fishes. They've had things pretty much to themselves this last six years. Out in the North Sea, for instance, the only company the piscine population has had has been shattered airplanes and wrecks.

Those itty-bitty fishes—not the ones that swim in the itty-bitty pool—have made good use of this breathing space. They don't believe in birth control, and they've multiplied themselves so many times that a submariner's gratuity looks small by comparison.

Fish are being caught to-day where none existed in 1939. The Dogger Bank, for instance, has just been re-opened. I sailed to these fishing grounds in the Grimsby trawler "Croxby," along with skipper Alby Leo, mate Snowy Hansen, Chief Engineer Len Marriott, B.E.M., and the rest of the merry men that make up her crew.

Before the war, Alby Leo told me, a trawler was lucky to pick up ten baskets of plaice in these areas. We caught fifty times that number, and every trawler out there had a similar story to tell.

The money is good these days in the trawling business, but do these guys work hard for it!

Skippers and mates are averaging between £200-£300 a trip. The skipper gets 10 per cent. of the catch after expenses have been deducted, the mate seven. Gross catches vary, but a pretty good average is £2,000 for seven days' fishing.

Deck-hands are rating between £16 and £20 a week, what with their wages, their risk money, and the poundage of 2d. The third hand gets about three times as much as a deckie, so these lads are grossing the kroners all right.

But they're a grand bunch of fellers to know.

BARNEY BEDFORD.

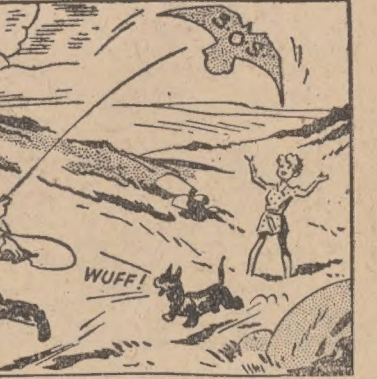
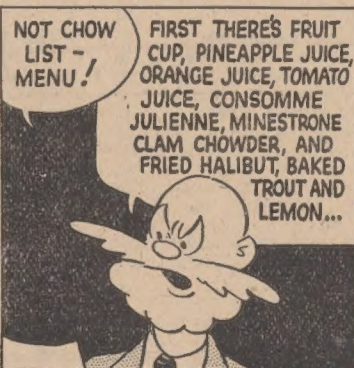
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 690

- 1. Behead a bird and get it.
- 2. Insert the same letter 8 times and make sense of: hyillyouearafulaistcoats?
- 3. What word of four letters, meaning "fitting," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in The poultry dealer will out his rabbits and among the registered customers.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 689

- 1. LARK.
- 2. Fred has four fat fingers and a funny thumb.
- 3. ANENT.
- 4. Brief, fibre.

JANE

"THE SEA TIGER"

(Continued from Page 2)
waters. There, beside the white boat was the huge killer, lying on his side, the white of his stomach gleaming through the glint of the water.
Her father was seated astride his launch which floated keel upward. His voice came to them:
"Gloria! Gloria! Thank God, you're safe!"
She waved her hand to him, dazed, but happy.
"I think we'd better get aboard," said Stark. "Let me take you over."
He put his arm round her waist and swam across to his launch, and got her aboard. She stood dripping as he clambered in. Then aboard.
"What question? Are you interested you to know that I've been thinking over what you said—Mr. Mason, let me congratulate you on your kill. The orca is yours, for you hooked

him. This will make your name as a fisher on the Boca Grand."
"Well?"
There was a strange accent in the query. Mason was staring at the two of them. The two boats were drifting together. They rubbed sides next moment.
"You haven't invited me aboard," said Mason, "but I'm coming."
"Not yet, Mr. Mason."
"Eh?"
"Not yet. There's something I want to say first. I chased you when you came out, for I thought you might get into trouble, and I'm glad I came. The old question has still to be settled before you come aboard."
"Oh, I don't know. But it may interest you to know that I've been thinking over what you said—It's a hold-up," he said, "but I'll join forces, Danny Stark. You've got all the nerve I need in

what you wanted. Gloria and I know each other better than you think, maybe. We had arranged to get married soon—to go off in this launch, in fact—"
"What?"
"I'm telling you. I followed your advice. I'm taking what I want. What's the good of you and I always being at loggerheads? The old question still has to be settled. Will you join forces—business as well as sport?"
Hiram Mason put his hands on his hips and regarded them curiously.
"What about you, Gloria?" he asked.
"Danny has spoken for me, Dad," she said quietly, squeezing the water from her skirt.
Her father put his foot on the gunwale of the white launch and jumped to the floor. There was a grim smile on his rugged features.
"It's a hold-up," he said, "but I'll join forces, Danny Stark. You've got all the nerve I need in

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you a place of communal eating.
1. Stacks of grain or hay.
2. To copy through transparent paper.
3. "The root of all evil."
4. One who dotes.
5. A spectacle.
6. Journeys by ox-waggon.
7. Line of posts and wire. (Solution to-morrow).

Answer to Puzzle No. 751.

- 1. thOrn
- 2. diScs
- 3. hiTch
- 4. taRry
- 5. thIck
- 6. doCks
- 7. etHeL

1.							
2.							
3.							
4.							
5.							
6.							
7.							

Honest, chums, I agree with the lad who described a bachelor as a man who had been lucky in love.



Night falls on the lonely beaches of Paxhaven...



and Jane calmly awaits the return of "Captain Cod"



while Dinah sits palpitating in the car



When...



"MURIEL, MY LOVE FOR YOU CAN'T BE DENIED, DARLING"
"I'LL SAY IT CAN'T! I HAVE IT IN WRITING—FIFTEEN LETTERS!"

RUGGLES



IF YOU'RE GOING TO TEACH THE PIANO YOU'D BETTER START TEACHING YOURSELF FIRST!
EASH—JUST BRUSH IT UP A LITTLE—AND LET MY HAIR GROW TO A NICE MUSICAL LENGTH!



YOU'D LOOK BETTER IF YOU COULD GROW SOME HAIR WHERE YOU'VE GOT THIN ON TOP



AND, ANYWAY MANY OF THE BEST MUSICIANS LOOK JUST LIKE BUSINESS MEN!
I DON'T CARE—I MAY BE OLD FASHIONED—BUT I LIKE MY MUSICIANS HAIRY!



AH—THINK I'LL GO IN AND GIVE THE OLD PIANO THE ONCE-OVER

GARTH



IT IS THE AUTUMN OF 1792—GARTH IS THE STRONG MAN AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY FAIR...



WHILE ACROSS THE CHANNEL—HARDLY KNOWN TO HIM...



A BAS LES ARISTOS!



HEAVENS!—WILL THIS BLOODSHED NEVER CEASE?

JUST JAKE



RELOAD LADS!—PEPPER 'EM TILL THEY LOOKS LIKE THE CURRANT CAKES—WOT MOTHER MAKES—



G-GANGWAY, G-CAPTAIN—I'M (PUFF) JEST CHANGIN' INTER T-T-TOP!—
GAD!—ARN'TWEE IN SIGHT—SNAP INTO IT SLINKERS—



SAFE!!—STAP ME—THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!!



G-COR, CAPTAIN—OME AT LAST—WOT WE BIN FROO!!
CRASH! THUMP!

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CHUB REGARD
RAN MAXIMA
ANDREW BUNS
BLOOM VELD
E DECIDE A
BYE NON THY
O GUTTER O
ANGLO GULLY
TACT PAGODA
MURMUR PEW
REPAST TERN

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11					
12			13	14		15	
16				17	18		
19		20	21				
22	23			24	25	26	
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30	31	32			33	34	
35				36	37		
	38		39	40			
41						42	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Graft. 4 Sparkle. 9 Fish. 11 Set of animals. 12 Abundance. 14 Egress. 16 Ceremony. 17 Dominion. 19 Belonging to. 20 Voice. 22 Den. 24 Reptile. 27 Scold. 29 Soccer team. 30 Engraver. 33 Spice. 35 Function. 36 Pigeon. 38 Dissolve. 40 Descend. 41 Notwithstanding. 42 Brief mountains.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Edifying effect. 3 Food regimen. 4 Obtain. 5 Pronoun. 6 Ooze out. 7 Went along ground. 8 Arab governor. 10 Massage. 12 Thrive. 13 Still. 15 Dog. 18 Ditch. 21 Stringed instrument. 23 Relations. 25 Raise scruples. 26 But. 28 Prudent measures. 31 Volume. 32 Aid. 34 Jot. 37 Poem. 39 Note of music.

**Good
Morning**



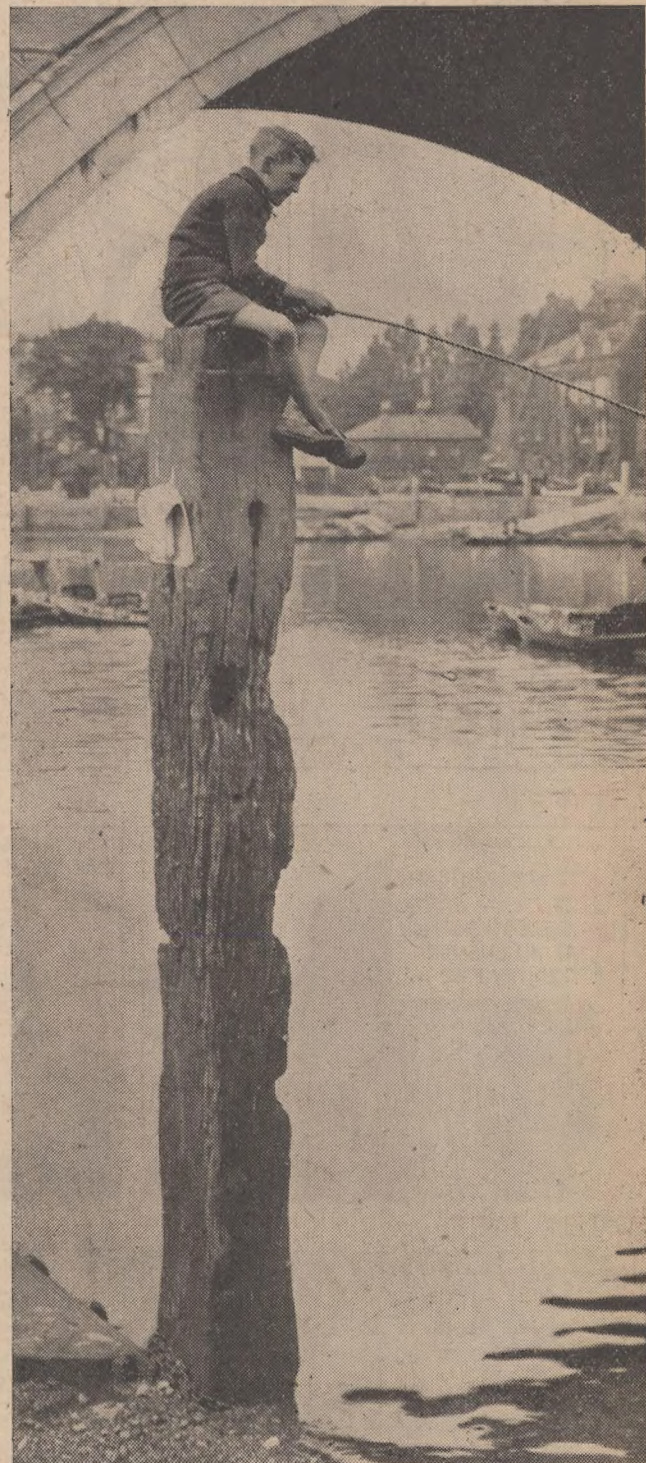
VIGOROUS GETS ITS PIN-UPS TOGETHER.

Here's another request from "Vigorous." From A.B. Alan Dimmock, to be precise. He wants a picture of Priscilla (Prissy to Alan!) Lane. And what do we do? Why, we up and print the picture of the gal in the paper. That's us—obliging.



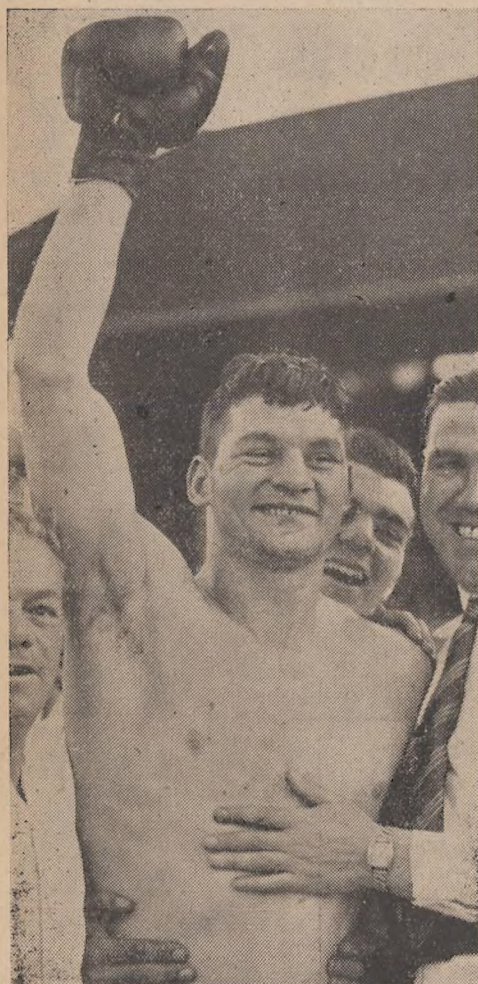
**LAUGHTER IN
THE FISH QUEUE.**

This bright youngster with the outsize in rods and the tiddler jar doesn't believe in queueing for fish. He catches it! His mother's getting quite expert in filleting sticklebacks and frying them. Saves cooking fat, too!



"HIGH" HOPES OF BIG CATCH.

An optimistic angler who disagrees with the old adage, "The higher the fewer," perches on a mooring post under the shadow of Richmond Bridge. We don't know whether his patience was rewarded—but it should have been.



BRUCE (WHITE HOPE) WOODCOCK WINS EMPIRE HEAVY WEIGHT TITLE.

On the left, Bruce Woodcock, the winner. He knocked out Jack London, the reigning champ, in the sixth round of a whirlwind set-to at the Tottenham Football Ground. This was the biggest fight held in England since before the war. Over fifty thousand wildly cheering fight-fans packed in to see it. The picture on the right shows London backing Woodcock up into a corner of the ring.

